

Where Do I Know You From? by Movie Riggs

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-19 22:42:07

Updated: 2018-01-19 22:42:07

Packaged: 2019-12-17 00:21:54

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,386

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mike Wheeler is late. Again. While he knows he needs to catch up to his friend and apologize, there's something about this girl with the brown eyes that is so very familiar. One-shot.

Where Do I Know You From?

Hello, everyone! Yes, I know, I'm supposed to be working on the next chapter for my on-going story, 'Stranger Things: Aftermath,' and not spending an hour writing a one-shot that just popped into my head this morning, but sue me! The next chapter for 'Aftermath' will without a doubt be released before the weekend is up, and I just could not get this out of my head without writing it.

I don't want to give anything away here at the beginning, but what you do have to know is:

- 1) This story takes place about ten to twelve years after the events of Season 1
- 2) For the sake of this story, Season 2 must be ignored (though don't think for a second I don't still love it).

Hope you guys enjoy this! Until next time, Riggs out.

Mike Wheeler checked his watch for the third time in two minutes, cursing the consistency of the device. He was late. He hurried down flight after flight of stairs, knowing that the elevator would take too long. Finally, his feet came to touch the ground floor of the building, and he took a moment to catch his breath.

A fourth glance at his watch rekindled enough energy in him to keep running, outside and into the parking lot. The sun was beginning to set, casting a pinkish-orange glow on the young man's pale, freckled face. Contrasting his skin tone was his midnight black hair, which flopped comically as he ran.

He began muttering to himself as he unlocked his car door, tossed his briefcase into the passenger's seat, and thrust the key into the ignition.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit..."

He nearly peeled out of the lot (something which he had almost never done) and drove five miles over the speed limit for all of several minutes before he was stuck at his first red light of the evening.

"Shit, shit, shit, *shit!*"

He was beginning to sound like Dustin.

The venue was a large, outdoor stadium that had seen better days. Tonight, however, the oft-dreary grounds had been host to a crowd-pleasing show. Young adults ambled out of the rickety gate at their own pace, laughing and reminiscing about the event. The smell of cigarettes and beer wafted through the air, meeting Mike's nose the moment he managed to park and exit his car.

His eyes immediately began scanning the crowd of people milling about. Even as everyone else was taking their leave of the stadium, he entered, in the hopes that maybe he was not as drastically late as he thought.

Two observations proved him wrong.

The first was a single, solitary red and yellow poster; the only one left hanging anywhere around the venue. It had been torn down the middle, but solid black letters still clearly read, 'Tonight Only: The Clash.'

The second was a voice, sweet and simple, that announced to him, "It's over."

Mike glanced to his left to acknowledge the young woman who had bothered to stop what she was doing and talk to him. "I'm sorry?"

She nodded her head toward the empty stage. "The concert. It's over."

Mike nodded sullenly, all at once disappointed in himself and... overcome...with a sudden feeling about the woman.

Naturally beautiful by all means, she stood a couple of inches shorter than him. Her hair was slicked back and she wore all-black clothes; faithful to the genre of the music she had come to hear that evening.

Her smile was close-lipped and gentle, and the voice that sprang from it was soft and sounded like a guardian angel coming to comfort him after a nightmare.

All of this Mike was able to take in no faster than it took his heart to skip a beat (as one's heart tends to do when one registers a person blessed with such beauty). But it was her eyes—her big, brown, doe eyes—that he became lost in before he knew what was happening. He must have stared at her for several long, potentially dangerous seconds before he momentarily snapped out of his phase. To his surprise, the woman did not look at all disturbed by his awkward behavior. She simply stood there, several feet away from him, retaining her smile. She acted as if she were patiently awaiting for him to say something.

Eventually, Mike did. "I was supposed to be meeting a friend of mine here," he admitted, having no idea why he had chosen his most recent failure as the topic of conversation. "He's a big fan of the band. But I got caught up at my internship. He had the tickets, though, so he probably got in without me."

The woman did not break eye contact, nor did she offer a reply of any kind. It was Mike's turn to wonder if he ought to be off-put by the way she was looking at him. It was those eyes, damn it. Something was so familiar about those eyes, and he just could not for the life of him figure out what it was.

"I'm sorry," he said with a bewildered toss of his shoulders. "Where do I know you from?"

His inquiry caused the woman's closed lips to break apart, displaying a slightly uneven but pearly white smile. Almost as if that was the exact question she had been waiting for him to ask.

"The bus," was her answer. "From Hawkins to Chicago? I was going back to the city after visiting my dad. I sat across from you the whole way."

The bus from Hawkins to Chicago? Mike racked his brain, trying to recall an image of this woman sitting on a dirty, rickety old seat within an arm's-length of his own. Maybe she had, and maybe she

hadn't, but her response still did not satisfy that awful, persistent tug he felt in his gut.

"*That's* where I know you from?" He did not mean to let so much disbelief creep into his tone, but it was exactly what he was feeling.

The woman's smile suddenly disappeared completely, and all of a sudden she looked much younger. Like a child that had been left out in a storm in the middle of a rainy November night might look. She shook her head once.

"No."

Before Mike could beg for a clearer answer or even let loose an outright demand to know who she was and what she was doing to cause so much turmoil in his mind and heart, the woman closed the gap between them in an instant. Her hands went to his cheeks, cupping them tenderly. Mike felt a pleasant chill run down his spine at her soft, warm touch. Those brown eyes began to rim with tears, making them somehow all the more familiar to him. And her lips... those were lips he had tasted before, he knew it. Only once, only for the briefest of seconds, but he knew it.

Mike Wheeler's face suddenly contorted from one of confusion to one of recognition, followed all at once by a mixture of pain, sadness, relief, and love. Unable to help himself, his own eyes began to water. He did not have to kiss her to know what those lips would feel like pressed against his own. He did not have to look and see if a small tattoo was inked onto her left wrist, because he was already well aware that it was.

Even though he *knew* now, he knew who this person-out-of-time was, his voice still said her name in a questioning manner, because he just could not understand how, after so long, she was finally in front of him again.

"Eleven?"

On the off-chance any of you guys are fans of the TV show *Lost*, then I will admit: yes, I was inspired to write this after re-

watching the final episode and seeing Jack and Kate meet each other after the end of the Driveshaft concert. And since I'm in the business of admitting such things, I will also go ahead and admit that I don't own Stranger Things (OR Lost).